The Tarborough Southerner.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D Crockett.

VOL. 63. TARBORO', N. C., THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 17, 1885. NO. 38

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Attorney-at-Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
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☞ Practices in State and Federal Courts

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THE FARMER'S SONG.

BY ANNIE WALL.

I'm up with the lark in the morning,
And out in the dew-sprinkled grass,
Enjoying the pure, airy freshness,
And health-laden breezes that pass.

I watch the east glowing and brightening:
The sun shows himself in the sky,
And I hear the birds singing and chirping
In the wild plum thickets close by.

I see the corn waving and nodding,
As though it would welcome the light,
When the bright blue arch of the heavens
Throws off the dark curtains of night.

I list to the voices of morning,
And pleasant to me is the call
Of the winds, the brook and the wild birds,
And peace folds her wings over all.

I feel my whole nature expanding,
My heart brimming over with praise,
For the peaceful delights of the country
And heart-rest I find in its ways.

For sweet are the voices of nature,
Whispering through woodland and field,
And I feel there is much of divineness
In pure country places revealed.

Sweet sigh for the charms of the city
Its hurry and wildering glare,
But give me the charms of the country
There's life in its sunshine and air.

TOM'S SOPHOMORE YEAR.

Tom stood in the middle of the room with his hands in his pockets, whistling softly, and looking about him.

It was a plain little room just under the roof, but it had been Tom's room ever since he had had one of his own, and he was attached to it.

But in a day or two, so he was saying to himself, he was about to leave it for nearly a year. There, near the end of the bed, stood his trunk—a funny old trunk that had belonged to his grandfather, and was covered with hairy hide fastened with brass nails.

He had just been packing it, and a glance at its contents told where he was going to spend the coming year.

For besides his clothing might be seen green-covered Latin and Greek grammars, leathern-bound lexicons, an algebra, a geometry, a copy of Livy, and several other books, which spoke of a college course.

For three days later, at his college in a country town more than a hundred miles away, Tom Sargent intended to make his first appearance as a learned sophomore.

"Just to think," he said to himself, "It's only three days now, and then I'll see all the fellows. Won't we have some powwows? And won't we dig into the old classics and mathematics? And he gave a boyish shuffle on the floor to give vent to his delight.

Just then he heard a step below his window, and, looking out, he saw his father entering the yard on foot.

"Why, father!" cried Tom, suddenly. "Did you walk all the way home?"

"Yes."

"Why, where's Topsy?"

Topsy was Mr. Sargeant's little black horse that he had for years, and now that he was getting old and growing heavier and more bulky as age crept on he had done but little walking in his business about town, but made Topsy his invariable companion.

"Where's Topsy, father?" asked Tom again.

"Well, Tom," said his father, laying down his knife and fork, "I suppose I've sold Topsy."

"Sold Topsy!" cried Tom. "Did you know it, mother?"

But his mother's face was answer enough.

"Why, what for, father?" Tom continued. "Sold Topsy! And the new buggy you bought last year to make your driving easy; have you sold that, too?"

"Yes, I've practically sold them both. The bargain isn't really closed, but Joe Watson has taken them to try to-day, and if his offer's fair I shall take it."

"Why, father," said Tom, in a remonstrative tone, as he brushed back his stiff hair. "Why, your business keeps you traveling between your shop and the folks who work for you all the time. You can't walk all that much."

"I must cut down expenses," said Mr. Sargeant. "I ran behind last year. There's no other way."

Nothing more was said.

After dinner Tom went up to his room again and sat down on a corner of the trunk.

Topsy sold! And the buggy sold! It did not seem possible. And to think of his father, far from being vigorous now, yet forced to plod about continually over the rough roads.

The backs of the grammers and lexicons smiling up at him from the trunk, made him uncomfortable.

He rose and shut down the cover of the trunk, and stood for a long time with his hands in his pockets, looking out of the window.

There was a very pretty landscape of green pastures and woodland outside, but Tom saw nothing of it. His eyes seemed to be fixed on some far-away place beyond the horizon.

After awhile he turned and began pacing the room. Then he paused by his trunk and opened it again, and again looked in. What pleasant suggestions it offered, what promises it held out!

The room was small and plain, and Tom was by no means a good-looking boy. But such boys are sometimes the heroes, and such rooms the battle grounds of contests which make no noise in the world, and which yet demanded as much pluck and character in the victor as has many a famous contest for a kingdom and a crown.

Tom continued his walking to and fro in the little room, whistling now and then, and from time to time throwing himself in a chair restlessly.

The afternoon wore away. The sun dropped till it seemed to rest an instant on a peak which Tom could see from his window, and the room suddenly grew dark.

The change seemed to rouse Tom to a decision. He put on his hat and a moment later was walking toward the center of the town.

The next morning when breakfast was ready Tom was not on hand. But just as his father and mother were beginning to wonder where he could be, what should they see but Tom driving Topsy up to the door and hitching her to the post.

"Tom," said his father as he came in, "what does this mean?"

"It means you're going to keep Topsy, sir," answered Tom, going up to him and putting a hand on each shoulder. "Father, I've thought it all over, and I've decided not to go back to college this year, but stay at home and work. That will be enough saving so that you can keep the horse and buggy, and I'll lay up what I earn and pay my own way when I go back to college next year. I'm young enough to wait. So you mustn't say a word. I'd rather do it, and it won't hurt me a bit."

And it didn't hurt Tom. When his Sophomore year did begin. He was better able to appreciate the worth of the studies. He was happy, too, in knowing that his pleasure and profit were gained without subtracting from those of others.

His Big Friend.

A crowd gathered on a wharf in San Francisco had an opportunity to see a dog rescue another dog from drowning and go about his work as intelligently as if he had been the trained officer of a humane society.

A small terrier dog fell from the stringer of the wharf into the bay. He swam around for some time in a circle and many plans were suggested for his rescue, but none of them proved practical. The little creature seemed doomed to a watery grave, for he was fast becoming exhausted. The female portion of the audience was much exercised and gave many expressions of pity.

Just at the moment that all hopes of saving the terrier were given up the bark of a dog in the crowd attracted attention and there appeared upon the stringer in front of the wharf a large Newfoundland.

He saw the little fellow in the water, and with a low wail he ran to and fro along the wharf for a moment or two, and then, to the surprise of everyone present, he sprang into the water and at once swam to the terrier.

Seizing him by the neck with his teeth, and after swimming about for some time, he sighted the new sea-wall extension, about a hundred yards distant, for which he headed.

Upon landing his burden on terra firma, the Newfoundland gave two or three sharp barks, and seemed to be proud of what he had done. It was some time before the terrier was able to gain strength to walk away.

One of the witnesses of the strange sight, patting the Newfoundland dog, said: "This dog is mine, and I would not take $1,000 for him at this moment."

A Greek Ball.

A ball in a Greek house in Rhodes is a thing forever to be remembered. The dresses of the ladies would provoke a smile from even the most indifferent beholder. Round dances are not much appreciated, but what they really love is a species of rouping quadrille with most complicating figures, through which a master of the ceremonies puts you in vile French. On one occasion this official insisted on directing us to dance a variety of the lady's chain, which he called chaine de chevalier, and which my partner naively remarked was excusable in a place which is everywhere haunted by reminiscences of the Knights of Rhodes. When the romp was over we conducted our partners to the smoking room, where the chaperones were sitting smoking cigarettes, and where the air was dense with the fumes of tobacco. I noticed that the younger ladies did not venture on the entire control of a cigarette themselves, but pressed their partners to do so, with a view to enjoying an occasional pull. Supper was provided on the most primitive principles. A large dish of tinned lobster salad was put on a table, round which every one crowded; those who were not lucky enough to secure a knife did not hesitate to plunge their fingers into the tempting dish. Glasses of wine circulated freely, and after the repast was over the ball degenerated into a scene worthy of a Parisian music hall. No wonder the Turks smiled a little as they watched this scene and retired as soon as politeness would permit.—[Macmillan's Magazine.

Two Remedies.

Old Aunt Patty recommends for sciatica and rheumatism in feet and legs: Get a piece of rolled zinc very thin; also a piece of rolled copper of the same thickness. Cut from each a piece the shape of the bottom of the foot to fit the boot or shoe, then put the zinc in one and the copper in the other and wear continually till cured. A friend of mine, a perfect martyr to this complaint, assures me he can now walk ten miles when for years he could not walk one.

Also for inflammations, sore throat and chest: Take best olive oil one gill and one-fourth part of rectified spirits of turpentine, mix well and rub the parts affected night and morning, wrapping round some wadding to keep the cold away. I have found this far superior to either mustard or linseed meal poultices. There is no fear of taking a chill as is ofttimes the case with wet applications after removal, neither is there any unpleasant heat, the oil soothing the irritating nature of the turpentine. It is also good for rheumatism and neuralgia.

A Cure For the Blues.

Eva Best, of Dayton, O., writes to The Household: A selfish person always makes me think of a house without windows—the sunshine of loving kindness cannot enter in, and the self-sufficient atmosphere of egotism cannot get out! Throw aside the shutters, oh, ye selfish, and let the light of good-will shine out from your soul's tenement upon the weary wayfarer! Open the sash and let in the music of song-birds, the sweet air of heaven, and the golden rays of gladness forever outpouring from the sun of light and life!

The Ring and Bracelet.

The gold engagement bracelet is becoming quite as popular as the engagement ring. Only diamonds, rubies and pearls are used on these bracelets. The old superstition about the pearl, that it brings bad luck as a wedding gift, seems to have gone over entirely, and now it is said that emeralds and sapphires are the "unfortunate" stones to give for bridal presents, although they are highly fashionable as gifts any day later to anybody else.

Josh Billings Couldn't Help Them.

They spell it "fill" in the Sandwich Islands, but it feels the same to a baldheaded man as it does in English, remarks the hairless man of the Philadelphia News.

Quite a Family.

The population of the world is estimated at 1,400,000,000.

MUSICAL NOTES.

There are beginners on the piano who can get back at popular melody until it wishes it had never been composed.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Josh Billings thus discourses concerning a popular instrument: "The dinner-horn iz the oldest and most sakred horn there iz. It iz set tew musik and plays "Home Sweet Home" about noon. It has bin listened tew with more rapturous delight than ever any band haz. Yu kan hear it further than yu kan one ov Rodman's guns. It will arrest a man and bring him in quicker than a sheriff's warrant. It kan out-foot enny other noise. It kauses the deaf tew hear and the dum tew shout for joy. Glorious old instrument! long may your lungs last!"

Payment to singers has sometimes taken an odd form. When Mlle. Zelie, a vocalist from the Theatre Lyrique at Paris, was making a professional tour round the world some years ago, she gave a concert in the Society Islands. She agreed to sing an air from "Norma," and a few other songs, and was to get a third of the receipts. When counting the prima donna's share was found to consist of three pigs, twenty-three turkeys, forty-four chickens, 5,000 cocoanuts, besides a quantity of bananas, lemons and oranges.

Skeptics are alleging that there is neither fire nor brimstone in sheol; that the whole thing is a young woman playing a piano, and the crowd can't get away.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.

The King of Bavaria, it is said, is so infatuated with music that he cannot endure to be without it a moment. The King should move next door to a family whose daughter is taking music lessons on the piano, and the son is practising on the trombone. If that wouldn't effect a cure in two weeks "physicians are in vain."—[Norristown Herald.

What we call "worn voices" are but very seldom the result of too much labor, but mostly of disregard to hygenic principles. In fact a better appellation would be "weary voices." Bad living, either too rich or too poor; heavy drink, unsuitable dress, want of exercise, etc., produce weary voices much quicker than hard work. The vocalist, who is even not very strong, can bear a heavy strain if his system is constantly refreshed, strengthened and kept in health by proper living. A voice that is used professionally is a gift of God and a means of subsistence, and should be studied so as to be kept in order.—[Amelia Lewis.

Lightning struck a piano in a house in York County, Me., and thoroughly demolished it. This will strengthen the theory recently advanced by a scientist that lightning is possessed of intelligence. —[Boston Courier.

Little Things in Life.

Chickens, two minutes after they have left the egg, will follow with their eyes the movements of crawling insects, and pick at them, judging distance and direction with almost infallible accuracy. They will instinctively appreciate sounds, readily running toward an invisible hen hidden in a box when they hear her "call." Some young birds also have an innate, instinctive horror at the sight of a hawk and sound of its voice. Swallows, titmice, tomtits and wrens, after having been confined from birth, are capable of flying at once when liberated, on their wings having attained the necessary growth to render flight possible.

Strength of Human Muscles.

Robert Francois Damiens, who attempted the assassination of Louis XV., in 1757, after suffering the most unheard of tortures, was sentenced to be drawn in quarters by four horses. But although they exerted their entire strength, by drawing in four directions upon his limbs, for *fifty minutes* the muscles were not torn from their attachments, and, being still alive, the executioners were obliged to cut the tendons with a knife, in order to answer the law, which was that the criminal's body should be drawn in quarters. Precisely the same course was resorted to in the case of Ravaillac, who assassinated Henry IV., the horses being unable to dismember the criminal's body.

Paste.

A correspondent of New Remedies gives the following recipe for paste for use in prescription books and labels: "I dissolve half an ounce of alum in a pint of boiling water; to this I add an equal weight of flour, made smooth in a little cold water, and a few drops of oil of cloves, letting the whole come to a boil. This paste will keep for months. I put it in glass or ordinary ointment jars. It is handy, too, for domestic purposes."

A Quilted Curiosity.

A St. Louis lady has a crazy quilt made of contributions by Miss Cleveland, the President, Speaker Carlisle, Mrs. Grant, Jefferson Davis, Annie James, wife of one the James boys, Phoebe and Alice Cary, Ella Wheeler, Ouida, Agusta Evans, Miss Alcott, Mrs. M. J. Holmes, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Whittier, Fanny Davenport, Emma Abbott, Ellen Terry, Susan B. Anthony and many others.

What Railroads are For.

The number of passengers carried by all the railroads in all parts of the world in 1884 is estimated at 2,400,000,000, or an average of 6,500,000 a day.

Irrepressible and Incorrigible.

While a little girl on Howard avenue was being rebuked by her mother she said: "Hush, mamma; if you scold so much you will make me nervous, and I shall die like——" "Do you remember her?" said the mother. "Oh, yes," replied the little one, "and her mamma scolded and scolded her so much she got so nervous she went sick and died."—[Utica Herald.

Discussion between a wise child and its tutor: "That star up there is bigger than the world."

"No, it isn't."

"Yes, it is."

"Then why don't it keep the rain off?"—[Rehoboth Herald.

Mamma (confidently)—Now, Mamie, as you are so tired to-night you must go right off to bed.

Mamie (four years old)—But I'm not tired. How do you know when I am tired? You don't know how I feel as well as I do, and I say I ain't tired. Feel of that arm and that leg—do you feel anything tired there?—[Chicago Herald.

Little girl—"Please, ma, may I have a egg?"

Ma—"Don't say a egg; say an egg."

L. G.—"Can I have a neg?"

M.—"That isn't right."

L. G., desperately—"Please, ma, can I have an hegg?"—[Detroit Free Press.

LIFT A LITTLE.

Lift a little! Lift a little!
Neighbor, lend a helping hand
To that heavy-laden brother,
Who for weakness scarce can stand.
What to thee, with thy strong muscle,
Seems a light and easy load,
Is to him a pond'rous burden,
Cumbering his pilgrim road.

Considerable damage was done by frost on the night of the 2d in the vicinity of Moorhead and Wilmar, Minn. The corn crop is said to be entirely ruined, oats are badly damaged and gardens wholly destroyed. In the vicinity of Brainard the frost was the most severe and damaging in many years. Ice is reported to have formed in Wilmar.

TOM BALLARD WOLVES.

The Hybrid Offspring of Sixty Years Ago Still Found in Pennsylvania Woods.

A Mifflin (Pa.) County correspondent of the Chicago Herald writes: Now and then hunters in the woods of this and adjoining counties of Pennsylvania come across wild, wolfish-looking dogs in isolated mountain regions, but the brutes have always managed to disappear so quickly among the rocks, on being discovered, that none have ever been killed. They are supposed, with good reason, to be descendants of a wolf and a mongrel dog, that were bred together in 1825. Wolves were becoming scarce in the region sixty years ago, but a few lingered in the woods, and were a great nuisance to the farmers, making frequent raids on their sheep pastures. In 1822 one wolf in particular made great inroads on the farmers' sheep, and dozens of hunts to capture it. There was a widow living among the pioneers of the place, who had lost many sheep. There were such things as "were-wolves," wolves that bore charmed lives, and possessed the power of roaming about without leaving any trail by which they could be followed.

Tom Ballard was a famous hunter of that day. He was entreated by the farmers who had been losers by the raids of the mysterious wolf, to hunt it down if the thing were possible, although many believed it was a were-wolf. Ballard started out in the spring of 1822 with his dogs and gun for the purpose of killing the wolf. He roamed the wildest parts of the woods for several days, but could find no trace of the animal. At the end of the fifth day he came to a crevice in the rocks on the southern edge of a hill known as Mount Pisgah. There was no outward evidence that it was a wolf's den, but he resolved to enter the cave and find out. He crawled in on his hands and knees and found two wolf whelps a week or two old. He wrapped them up in his blanket and quickly withdrew from the cave. He did not meet the old wolf, and started for home with the two young ones. He placed them in his wood house. Three nights later he heard a great noise in the yard. Looking out he saw an old wolf trying to get into the wood house. It was the mother of the whelps. Ballard shot her. She was an unusually large one, and as no more raids were made on the sheep pastures of the region it was believed that she was the one that had given them so much trouble.

The whelps grew up in captivity. They were both females. In 1824 Ballard sold one of them. The next year the other one was bred to a mongrel dog. She gave birth to a litter of whelps resembling their mother. After becoming a mother the wolf, which had never been fierce, changed to a most ferocious animal, and no one dared to go near her. Her offsprings early developed wild and vicious characteristics, and it was thought best to kill the whole family. One night before the decision was carried into effect the wolf and her half-grown hybrid whelps took to the woods. They were followed, and the mother and one or two of the young ones were killed. The others escaped and have bred among the rocks ever since.

"Didn't Want to Ketch It."

A gentleman who spent several years teaching gives the following account of a teacher's interview with a boy of about 14 in a rural district. Other teachers have probably had similar experiences:

"What is your name?"

"Sam."

"What is the rest of it?"

"Sam-yell."

"What is your surname?"

"Middle name's Hozayer."

"And the last?"

"Jackson."

"Jackson, then, is the name of your parents?"

"No, mum, it ain't. One of 'em is named Willyum and t'other one Mary Jane."

"How old are you?"

"Dunno."

"What! A boy as large as you doesn't know his age?"

"Yessum."

"A boy of your size ought to know the exact year of his birth."

"I do know the year."

"What year was it?"

"Same year as my sister Harriet."

"Indeed?"

"Yessum; we're twins."

"I want you to ask your mother how old you are, and tell me to-morrow."

"She dunno; she dunno nothin'."

"That is not a very nice way to talk about your mother."

"She don't keer."

"Why doesn't she?"

"She's dead."

"Where do you live?"

"To home?"

"Where is your home?"

"Over you." This with a jerk of his head over his left shoulder.

"Have you any books?"

"No, mom; I don't need none."

"Why not?"

"I'm only in my a b ab's."

"Then you have never had any educational advantages?"

Boy scratches his head and says:

"No, mom; not that I knows of. But I've had nirysiplas. If what you said is worse nor that I don't want ter ketch it."

A Surprised Party.

A number of young men of Shultztown, N. J., organized a surprise party, and, accompanied by their girls, visited a farmer's daughter, ten miles in the country. They drove out in a large wagon drawn by four horses. As they were about starting for home, after midnight, their conveyance broke down. The old farmer was also a cattle dealer, and he had a wagon "what would hold 'em all," and they might return home in that. They accepted his offer. It was daylight when they reached town. All were in a merry mood—laughing, flirting, singing, and so forth, as if they had taken out a license for such doings. Persons in the street, whose attention was attracted by the hilarious party, also broke out in a fit of laughter. The merriment in the wagon ceased as if by magic when one of its occupants discovered, on each side of the vehicle, a painted sign reading: "A fine lot of calves for sale!"

The "Druggist's" Idea of Gall.

"Yes," said the druggist, "there are some curious people in the world. A man has got to keep his eyes open if he escapes imposition. Why, blame their skins, men have waked me up three times this week at daybreak to buy postage stamps! That is what I call pure gall." And shaking up four cents' worth of "yarbs" in a bottle he put a label on it, raked a silver dollar into the drawer, and slid a quarter back.

Good Understandings.

A man who lives on Indian farm, Lewis County, West Virginia, is seventeen years old, and his bare feet measure thirteen and a half inches in length.

Quint Walker, near Reidsville, was found asleep near his house by his wife, with his coat under his head and a bottle in his pocket. This was Thursday night and he remained asleep until Friday, when he died, all efforts to arouse him proving of no avail. The doctors attribute his strange stupor to paralysis of the brain.

SAILING WITH LUCINDA

On the River Where Luscious Oysters Grow—Romance and Reality.

"W. J. H." writes to a metropolitan paper: I used to be fond of sailing on the Shrewsbury River, an amusement which is very popular here. Once upon a time I was a great deal younger then than I am now, and the nickel plate upon my freshness shone with a purer and more celestial lustre. It was then that I fell in love for the first time. The girl wouldn't gather me in to any alarming extent now, because I have seen other girls who have hit me much harder and more expensively than she did. Her name was Lucinda. She had pale green eyes and a cheesecloth complexion, and could eat more ice cream and drink more birch beer than any girl in the county, and she was proud of it.

I was proud of it, too, at first. After I had gone through a period of amateur bankruptcy I found that my pride was somewhat shrunken. I used to sit in a hammock with Lucinda and read improving poetry to her. If there is one thing in the world better fitted than another to bring two young people together it's a hammock. But we had the poems of Martin F. Tupper with us, and hence we were safe.

Things went on smoothly until one day Lucinda got hold of a story about a sailor and his sweetheart, and then she wanted me to take her out on the water in a sailboat.

"My darling," I said, "I am not a sailor."

"What matters it?" said she; "you and I will get into a boat and the gentle breezes shall waft us away over the dimpled waters, until our sails are lulled to perfect bliss."

"But," said I, "suppose they should lull us ashore on a sandbank?"

"Perish the thought!" she said.

"That's all right," I replied; "perish just as many thoughts as you like, so long as you don't perish me. I have a profound admiration for my own existence."

"We sail," she declared, "or I am no longer yours."

"Under those circumstances," I replied, "we sail."

So the next day I hired a sailboat for $1 and took her out sailing on the Shrewsbury River. I did not know then, as I do now, that the Shrewsbury was as false as it is fair. It is a generally conceded fact that rivers have bottoms, but they are not in the habit of coming to the surface for air in all sorts of unexpected places, as the Shrewsbury does.

We started off in that boat beautifully. I had a sneaking notion that if I kept the sail away off at one side of the boat she would go along all right; and so she did for a considerable time. I held the tiller with one hand and as much of Lucinda as I could encircle with the other, and our souls were beginning to be lulled to a perfect bliss with enormous success when I came to a bend in the river. I saw we had to go around that bend. I pushed the tiller one way and the boat started for the shore. Then I pushed it the other way, and we began to go around the bend. But the sail wouldn't stay where I put it. It manifested a decided inclination to swing around to the other side.

I thought I'd hold it off. I pushed and the sail pushed. We had a very lively tussle for about five minutes, but I found that my back was beginning to ache, while the sail didn't weaken a bit.

"Well, then, swing, blame you!" I exclaimed, stooping down to let it pass over.

There was a swish in the air, and the next thing I knew Lucinda and I were floundering in the water.

"Be calm, my darling," I exclaimed, "I will save you. You shall live to be my blushing bride."

I was swimming manfully, but I couldn't for the life of me keep both our heads out of water. Lucinda's would go under. I was beginning to fear the worst when a man came running down the shore.

"Hey, you durned fool!" he said; "wh' are ye swimmin' fur? Why don't ye stand up an' walk ashore?"

We stood up, and found that the water was very little above our waists. We waded ashore in silence. Lucinda cut me dead the next day. I have lost my faith in sailboats as accessories to the art of making love.

A Family Deserving of a Pension.

In the town of San Angel, Mexico, a mother seventy-two years of age gave birth to a child. The father of this wonder is eighty-four, his oldest brother is fifty-six, and two of his grandparents are living.

PERSONAL.

Tennyson is 76.

Bert Hart is 46.

Roscoe Conkling is a grandfather.

Materna's father is a school teacher.

Henry Irving is said to be traveling in Germany disguised as an actor.

Lester Wallack, it is reported, wears monogram buttons on his trowsers and undergarments.

Christine Nilsson is 42. She was the daughter of a wood-chopper in the forest of Wexio.

Helen Hunt Jackson used to earn $3,000 a year with the pen. Mary Clemmer did even better. For several years she averaged $5,000 a year as a Washington correspondent.

James A. Bailey, widely known as one of the proprietors of the Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson circus, began life as a vender of circus candy and lemonade when a very small boy.

Verdi, the composer, is wealthy and owns large tracts of land in Italy. Verdi has probably made more by his art than any musician of the century, and he is as liberal and open-handed as some of them who could be named—notably his own countrymen, Paganini—were parsimonious and niggardly. The beautiful hospital at Villanova d'Arcia is a standing instance of his munificence. The entire cost of its construction was defrayed by the composer out of his own pocket.

Modjeska, the Polish actress, is engaged in the monumental task of translating the plays of Shakspere into her native language. She will, doubtless, if she succeeds in accomplishing it, be the first female translator of the great poet. George Sands attempted to adapt "As You Like It" to the French stage; but, as she entirely recast the piece and practically rewrote it, her version cannot be called a translation. The Poles already possess a translation of Shakspere; but it is said to be as feeble and wishy-washy as the old French version of Letourneur.

Lines for an Album.

Midst the scenes of earthly strife,
Midst the pleasures of thy life,
Always keep thy soul's pure mirror
Free from guilt and free from error
Unchecked by ambition's pride,
Raise thine eyes to God above;
Deep and strong these, warm and bright,
Fix thy heart, thy life, thy love.
—JEAN ERNEST.

The gamblers of Omaha have made a proposition to the city that if they are not interfered with for one year they will pay for all street improvements and keep up the water works.

Jefferson Davis is 78 years old, says the Wilmington Star, and was never more loved and respected in the South than at this hour. He is cheerful and in fine health.

TINY HAIRS REMOVED.

Maiden's Mustaches Taken Out by the Use of Electricity.

It was the face of a handsome New York brunette just verging into womanhood. On her upper lip, and slightly shading its scarlet hue, grew a dark, silken mustache that on a dude would have been cherished and cultivated as the choicest treasure on earth. Her head rested on a metal plate connected by a wire with a galvanic battery on the table. The doctor took up from the table, at his elbow, something that looked like an ebony pen staff. This also was connected with the battery. In the end was a very fine gold-plated needle. The doctor looked cautiously over the young lady's dainty little mustache and at length, singling out a hair, inserted the point of the needle down by the hair bulb and, pressing a little spring in the handle, turned on the current from the battery.

When the electric current ran down the point of the little needle, the young lady winced and clenched her hands, while the tears came to her eyes. This lasted only for a moment, for as soon as a little froth appeared around the needle it was removed and the hair dropped out. After forcing out about a dozen of hairs on each side of the lip, the doctor stopped. The young lady removed her head from the metal plate, wiped her face with a scented pocket handkerchief, and tripped gayly to the mirror. She took a long glance of intense satisfaction and gleefully remarked that they would soon all be gone. Then she put on her hat and left, after having made an appointment for another sitting.

"So you remove mustaches from the young ladies who are unfortunate enough to have such hirsute adornments," remarked the reporter. "Will you tell me how it is done?"

"The operation is not very new," was the reply. "The electric current decomposes the salt in the skin into acid, which goes to the metal plate, and alkali, which accumulates around the needle and destroy the hair bulb, so that the hair can never reappear. This method is also very useful in removing the ugly bristles that grow in moles, for the hairs are then large in size and few in number. It is only necessary to spend a few seconds on each hair, and but a few seconds on a dozen, after which a rest of several days is taken to allow the inflammation to disappear, before undertaking any more."

No Drunkards Need Apply.

The disposition of all employers to dispense with men who drink to excess when they can get sober ones is on the increase. Twenty years ago the newspapers of all large cities were frequently the nests and roosting-places of a lot of "hard citizens." They are banished now. An interceder for a discharged drunkard from a morning paper begged the editor to remember that "Jim has a wife and two children to support." "It so happens," replied the editor, "that the sober man whom I've put in Jim's place has a wife and four children. It should always be remembered that every expulsion of a bummer leaves a position for a decent man. We don't run an inebriate asylum or a moral reformatory." That sound principle is pervading all trades, professions and occupations. Jackasses and savants to the rear!" was the order in Napoleon's Egyptian campaigns on the eve of a battle. "Bummers and boozers to the rear!" is the order all along the line of business. Business is getting to be more and more a conflict, and all useless baggage and camp followers must get out of the way.

Organisms in Ice.

Prof. Leidy relates, in the "Journal of the Royal Microscopical Society," that he had placed in his hands for examination a vial of water obtained from melting ice which is used for cooling drinking water. From time to time, among some sediment taken from a water-cooler, his informant had observed what he supposed to be living worms, which he suspected were introduced with the water into the cooler, not with the ice. Upon melting some of the ice alone, the worms were still observed, and the water submitted for examination, was some that was thus obtained. Prof. Leidy was surprised to find a number of worms among some flocculent sediment, mainly consisting of vegetable hairs and other debris. Besides the worms, there were also immature Angguillulæ, and a number of Rotifer vulgaris, all living. It would appear that these animals had all been contained in the ice, and had been liberated on melting. It was an unexpected source of contamination of drinking water that Prof. Leidy had previously supposed to be improbable.

How He Won Over His Father-in-Law.

They tell a story concerning Mr. A. B. Frost, the artist for Harper & Brothers, to the effect that when he was married, his wife's father was very much opposed to him, but after awhile became reconciled and sent to the young, struggling artist the amount of the daughter's allowance, which had been withheld since her marriage. The young artist is said to have returned the money with some expressions of indignation and many indications of his own independence, whereupon the old gentleman fell head over heels in love with his son-in-law, increased the daughter's allowance, begged pardon all round, and righted everything that was wrong. If this story is true, says the Chicago News, Mr. Frost may be set down as an artist in more than one sense. It requires some very fine penciling to express just enough indignation, and not too much, to make a rich old father-in-law double your wife's allowance.

The Epidemic of Crime.

Whence comes this epidemic of suicides and murders? Recent discussions have named several causes. Hon. C. H. Reeve, of Indiana, charges it to infidel teachings—holding that hopelessness of a future state cripples fortitude for bearing life's ills. Another declares suffering from the universal business depressions the cause. A third writer attributes it to increasing insanity, a physician thinks much of the tendency is inherited, while temperance advocates lay the responsibility upon strong drink.

Free-thinkers have committed suicide, but so have orthodox churchmen. Financial straits have beset many, but the wealthy have also taken their life.

Insanity and dissipation have preceeded suicides and family murders.

One feature common to almost every such crime challenges attention. Well nigh every report of suicide and family murder mentions the perpetator as having "for some time been subject to melancholy." Whence comes this? All recognize medical authorities tell us that the fire which consumes the brain is always kindled by derangements of digestion; that good digestion is impossible without pure blood, and pure blood is never known when the liver and kidneys are out of order. Under such circumstances, a preventive should be sought, and for this Warner's safe cure is sovereign—a fact conceded by the best authorities in the land, and it is especially commended by the celebrated Dr. Dio Lewis.—*Rochester Democrat.*

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